

737

SOBER ADVICE

FROM

H O R A C E

TO THE

Young GENTLEMEN about Town.

As deliver'd in his

SECOND SERMON.

Imitated in the Manner of Mr. POPE.

*Together with the ORIGINAL TEXT, as restored by the Rev'd
R. BENTLEY, Doctor of Divinity. And some Re-
marks on the VERSION.*



LONDON: Printed for T. Boreman, at the Cock on
Budge-Mill; and DUBLIN Re-Printed, 1737.

15449.170.9 ★

Nov. 8, 1915
Harvard University
Child Memorial Library

Advertisement.

THAT this very Pamphlet has been lately Publish'd in 6 Sheets in *London*, and sold at a *British* Shilling each. Now the same is Re-printed Word for word, in this small Compass for the Publick satisfaction, and sold at so small a price as two Pence each.

T O

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

S I R,

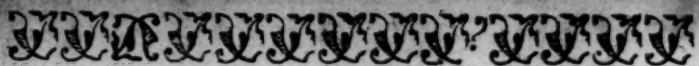
I Have so great a Trust in your Indulgence toward me, as to believe you cannot but Patronize this Imitation, so much in your own Manner, and whose Birth I may truly say is owing to you. In that Confidence, I would not suppress the Criticisms made upon it by the *Reverend Doctor*, the rather, since he has promised to mend the *Faults* in the next Edition, with the same Goodness he has practised to *Milton*. I hope you will believe that while I express my Regard for you, it is only out of Modesty I conceal my Name; since, tho' perhaps, I may not profess myself your Admirer, so much as some others, I cannot but be, with as much inward Respect, Good-will, and Zeal as any Man,

Dear Sir,

Your most Affectionate

A N D

Faithful Servant,



Q. HORATII FLACCI

SERMO II. LI.

TEXTUM Recensuit.

V. R. RICARDUS BENTLEIUS, S. T. P.

A Mbubajarum collegia, pharmacopolae,
Mendici, mimae, balatrones; hoc genus omne
Maestum ac sollicitum est cantoris morte Tigelli:

Quippe Benignus erat —————

————— Contra hic, ne prodigus esse
Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,
Frigus quo duramque famem depellere possit. *tasidius,*

Hunc si perconteris, avi cur atque parentis
Praeclaram ingrata stringat malus ingluvie rem.
Omnia conductis coemens obsonia nummis:

“ Sordidus, atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi, ”
Respondet, laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.

Fusidius

[NOTÆ BENTLEIANÆ] *Imitated.* Why Imitated?
Why not translated? Odi Imitatores! A Metaphrast had
not turned Tigellius, and Fusidius, Malchinus and Gargonius
(for I say Malchinus, not Malthinus, and Gargoinus, not Gor-
gonius) into so many LADIES. Benignus, hic, hunc, &c. all
of the Masculine Gender: Every School-boy knows more
than our Imitator.

SOBER ADVICE

From *H O R A C E*.

Imitated from his

SECOND SERMON.

THE Tribe of Templars, Play'rs, Apothecaries,
Pimps, Poets, Wits, Lord *Fanny's*, Lady *Mary's*,
And all the Court in Tears, and half the Town,
Lament dear charming O — *f* — *ld*, dead and gone!
Engaging O — *f* — *ld*! who, with Grace and Ease,
Could join the Arts, to ruin, and to please.

Not so, who of Ten Thousand gull'd her Knight,
Then ask'd Ten Thousand for a second Night;
The Gallant too, to whom she pay'd it down,
Liv'd to refuse that Mistress half a Crown.

Con. Ph--l--ps cries, " A sneaking Dog I hate."
That's all three Lovers have for their Estate!
" Treat on, treat on," is her eternal Note,
And Lands and Tenements go down her Throat..
Some damn the Jade, and some the Cullies blame,
But not Sir *W* — *t*, for he does the same.

With

*Fusidius vappae famam timet ac nebulonis,
 Dives agris, dives positus in fenore nummis.
 Quinas hic capiti mercedes exsecat; atque
 Quanto perditior quisque est, tanto acrius urget.
 Nomina sectatur, modo sumta veste virili
 Sub patribus duris, tironum. Maxime, quis non,
 Juppiter, exclamat, simul atque audit? " At in se
 " Pro quaestu sumtum facit hic. " Vix credere possi
 Quam sibi non sit amicus: ita ut Pater ille, Terent
 Fabula quem miserum gnato vixisse tugato
 Inducit, non se pejus cruciauerit atque hic.*

*Si quis nunc quaerat, Quo res haec pertinet? Illuc
 Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currant.
 Malchinus tunicis demissis ambulat: est qui
 Inguen ad obscaenum subductis usque facetus:
 Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius hircum.
 Nil medium est. sunt qui nolint tetigisse, nisi illas,
 Quarum subsuta talos tegat instita veste:
 Contra alius nullam, nisi olente in fornice stantem.*

*Quidam notus homo cum exiret fornice; " Maeste
 " Virtute esto, inquit sententia dia Catonis,
 " Nam simul ac venas inflavit tetra libido,
 " Huc juvenes aequum est descendere, non alienas
 " Permlcere uxores, —*

— *Nolim laudari. r. inquit.*

*Sic me, mirator CUNNI CUPIENIUS ALBI **

* CUNNI CUPIENNIUS ALBI, Hoary Shrine. Here the Imitator grievously errs, *Cunnius albus* by no means signifying a white or grey Thing, but a Thing under a white or grey Garment, which thing may be either Black, Brown, Red, or parti-coloured. BENT.

With
Fusidia t
For Int
Her Bo
She tun
And, i
Yet sta
And th
A Self
The V

But
" Wo
Rufa's
Sweet
Nothi
Yet, f
Whil
& S
But d
And
Some
And

M
A x
" P
" T
" B
" C

M
7—

in
t

With all a Woman's Virtue but the P——x,
Fusidia thrives in Money, Land and Stocks :
 For Int'rest, *tea per Cent.* her constant Rate is ;
 Her Body ? hopeful Heirs may have it *gratis*.
 She turns her very Sister to a Job,
 And, in the Happy Minute, picks your Fob :
 Yet starves herself, so little her own Friend,
 And thirsts and hungers only at one End :
 A Self-Tormentor, worse than (in the * Play)
 The Wretch, whose Av'rice drove his Son away.

But why all this ? Beloved, 'tis my Theme :
 " Women and Fools are always in Extreme.
Rufa's at either end a Common-Shoar,
 Sweet *Moll* and *Jack* are Civet-Cat and Boar :
 Nothing in Nature is so lewd as *Peg*,
 Yet, for the World, she would not shew her Leg !
 While bashful *Jenny*, ev'n at Morning-Prayer,
 § Spreads her Fore-Buttocks to the Navel bare.
 But diff'rent Taste in diff'rent Men prevails,
 And one is fired by Heads, and one by Tails ;
 Some feel no Flames but at the Court or Ball,
 And others hunt white Aprons in the Mall.

My Lord of *Lo ——*, chancing to remark
 A noted Dean much busy'd in the Park,
 " Proceed (he cry'd) proceed, my Rever'd Brother,
 " 'Tis *Fornicatio simplex*, and no other :
 " Better than lust for Boys, with *Pope* and *Turk*,
 " Or others spouses, like † my Lord of ——

MAY no such Praise (cries *γ ——*) e'er be mine !
γ ——, who bows at *Hi——sb——*'s hoary Shrine.

* See My *Terence*, *Heautontimorumenos* : There is nothing
 in Dr. *Hare's*. BENT. § A Verse taken from Mr. *Pope*
 † Others read Lord-Mayor.

*Audire est operae pretium, procedere teste
 Qui moechos non voltis, ut omni parte laborent ;
 Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,
 Atque haec rara, cadat dura inter saepe pericla.
 Hic se praecipitem testo dedit : ille flagellis
 Ad mortem casus : fugiens hic decidet acrem
 Praedonum in turbam : dedit hic pro corpore nummos :
 Hunc perminxerunt calones ; quin etiam illud
 Accidit, ut * cuidam TESTIS, CAUDAMQUE*
 (SALACEM

Demeterent ferro. jure omnes. Galba negabat.

*Tutior at quanto merx est in classe secunda !
 Libertinarum dico : Sallustius in qua,
 Non minus insanit, quam qui moechatur. at hic si,
 Qua res, qua ratio suaderet, quaque modeste,
 Munifico esse licet, vellet bonus atque benignus
 Esse ; daret quantum satis esset, nec sibi damno
 Dedecorique foret. verum hoc se amplectitur uno,
 Hoc amat & laudat : Matronam nullam ego tango.*

*Ut quondam Marsæus amator Originis, ille
 Qui patrium mimae donat fundumque laremque,
 Nil fuerit mi, inquit, cum uxoribus umquam alienis.
 Verum est cum mimis, est cum meretricibus : unde
 Fama malum gravius, quam res, trahit. an tibi abunde
 Personam satis est, non illud, quicquid ubique*

* ——— TESTIS CAUDAMQUE SALACEM *Demeterent ferro*
 (for so I say, and not *Demeteret ferrum*) *Bleedi in Person.*
 Silly ! was he let Blood by a Surgeon ? how short is this of
 the Amputation of the Testes and Cauda salax ? What Igno-
 rance also of Ancient Learning appears in his shallow Tran-
 slation of *perminxerunt*, totally missing the Mark, and not en-
 tering into the deep Meaning of the Author.

ALL
 Tillev'
 Attend
 And p
 survey
 Where
 See wr
 And q
 By wo
 Plunde
 One b
 This n
 And a

How
 Who
 And y
 Nothin
 His W
 And r
 The Y
 Were
 But h
 I n
 To
 He co
 He t
 But S
 Sure,
 With

*
 ticks
 the l

ALL you, who think the *City* ne'er can thrive,
 Till ev'ry Cuckold-maker's flea'd alive;
 Attend, while I their Miseries explain,
 And pity Men of Pleasure still in Pain!
 Survey the Pangs they bear, the Risques they run,
 Where the most lucky are but last undone.
 See wretched *Monsieur* flies to save his Throat,
 And quits his Mistress, Money, Ring, and Note!
 K—— of his Footman's borrow'd Livery stript,
 By worthier Footmen pist upon and whipt!
 Plunder'd by Thieves, or Lawyers which is worse,
 One bleeds in Person, and one bleeds in Purse;
 This meets a Blanket, and that meets a Cudgel——
 And all applaud the Justice—— All, but * B——l.

How much more safe, dear Ceuntrymen! his State,
 Who trades in Frigates of the second Rate?
 And yet some Care of \$ —— *£* should be had,
 Nothing so mean for which he can't run mad;
 His Wit confirms him but a Slave the more,
 And makes a Princess whom he found a Whore.
 The Youth might save much Trouble and Expence,
 Were he a Dupe of only common Sense.
 But here's his point; A Wench (he cries) for me!
 * I never touch a Dame of Quality.

To B——l——r's Bed no Actress comes amiss,
 He courts the whole *Personæ Dramatis*:
 He too can say, "With Wives I never sin."
 But Singing-Girls and Mimicks draw him in,
 Sure, worthy Sir, the Difference is not great,
 With *whom* you lose your Credit and Estate?

* *A Gentleman as celebrated for his Gallantries as his Politics; an entertaining History of which may be publish'd, without the least Scandal on the Ladies.* E. CURL,

*Officit, evitare? bonam deperdere famam,
Rem patris oblimare, malum est ubicumque. quidinter
Est in matrona, ancilla. peccesne togata?*

*Villius in Fausta Sullae gener, hoc miser uno
Nomine deceptus, poenas dedit usque, superque
Quam satis est; pagnis caesus, ferroque petitus,
Exclusus fore, cum Longarenius foret intus.*

*Huic si, mutonis verbis, mala tanta uidenti
Diceret haec animus: Quid vistibi? numquid ego ate
Magno prognatum deposco consule * CUNNUM,
Velatumque stola, miæ cum conferbuit ira?
Quid responderet? Magno patre nata puella est.*

*At quanto meliora monet, pugnantiæque istis
Dives opis natura suae! ut si modo recte
Dispensare uelis, ac non fugienda petendis Inmiscere.
—Tuo vitio, rerumne labores,
Nil referre putas? quare, ne poeniteat te,
Desine matronas sectari: unde laboris
Plus haurire mali est, quam ex re decerpere fructus.*

*Nec magis huic, inter niueos viridisque lapillos
Sit licet, o Cerinthe, tuo tenerum est femur, aut crus
Rectius: atque etiam melius persaepe togatae est.
Adde huc, quod mercem sine fucis gestat; aperte*

* Magno prognatum deposco consule Cunnum.

A Thing descended from the Conqueror.

A Thing descended — why Thing? The Poet has in Cunnum; which
therefore, boldly place here.

This,
Wha,
The E
Destro
Wh
Twas
The fi
When
Too h
Himse
Sup
shoul
Did
A T
Or
' Suc
What
When
To cr
HA
An
but M
n sea
Yea,
huns
Weig
Tis in
Then
Never
Firs
Or pl
And /
s the

+ Sp
+

u. we

nter This, or that Person, what avails to shun ?
 What's wrong is wrong, wherever it be done :
 The Ease, Support, and Lustre of your Life,
 Destroy'd alike with Strumpet, Maid, or Wife.

What push'd poor E---s on th' Imperial Whore ?
 'Twas but to be where CHARLES had been before.
 The fatal Steel unjustly was apply'd,
 When not his Lust offended, but his Pride :
 Too hard a Penance for defeated Sin,
 Himself shut out, and *Jacob Mall* let in.

ate Suppose that honest Part that rules us all,
 M, should rise, and say — “ Sir *Rebers* ! or Sir *Paul* !
 Did I demand, in my most vig'rous hour,
 A Thing descended from the Conqueror ?
 Or when my pulse beat highest, ask for any
 ‘ Such Nicety, as Lady or Lord *Fanny* ? —

What would you answer ? Could you have the Face,
 When the poor Sufferer humbly mourn'd his Case,
 To cry, “ You weep the Favours of her † *GRACE* ?

HATH not indulgent Nature spread a Feast,
 And giv'n enough for Man, enough for Beast ?

ut Man corrupt, perverse in all his ways,
 n search of Vanities from Nature strays :
 Yea, tho' the Blessing's more than he can use,
 Hunts the permitted, the forbid pursues !
 Weigh well the Cause from whence these Evils spring,
 'Tis in thyself, and not in God's good Thing :

Then, lest Repentance punish such a Life,
 Never, ah, never ! kiss thy Neighbour's Wife.

crus First, Silks and Diamonds veil no finer Shape,
 Or plumper Thigh, than lurk in humble Crape ;
 And secondly, how innocent a *Belle*
 Is she who shows what Ware she has to sell ;

† Spoken not of one particular Dutchess, but of divers Dutchesses.

which † The original Manuscript has it,
 ——— Spread a Feast

Of ——— enough for Man, enough for Beast ;
 u. we prefer the present, as the purer Distinction.

Quod venale habet, ostendit; neque si quid honesti est
 factat habetque palam, quaerit quo turpia celet.
 Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur; opertos
 Inspiciunt: ne si facies, ut saepe, decora
 Molli iusta pede est; emtorem ducat hiantem,
 Quod pulchrae clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix
 Hoc illi recte. Tucorporis optima Lyncei
 Contemplare oculis; Hypsaea caecior, illa
 Quae mala sunt, spectas. O trus, o brachia! verum
 Depugis, nasuta, brevi latere, ac pede longo est.

Matronae, praeter faciem, nil cernere possis:
 Caetera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.
 Si interdicta petes, vallo circumdata, (nam te
 Hoc facit insanum) multae tibi tum officient res;
 Custodes, lectica, ciniflones, parasitae;
 Ad talos stola demissa, & circumdata palla:
 Plurima, quae inuideant pure adparere tibi rem.
 Altera nil obstat: Cois tibi pene videre est
 Ut nudam; ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi:
 Metiri possis oculo latus. an tibi mavis
 Insidias fieri, pretiumque avellier, ante
 Quam mercem ostendi?

—LEPOREM venator ut alta

In nive sectetur, positum sic tangere nolit:
 Cantat, & adponit, MEUS est amor huic similis, na
 Transvolat in medio posita, & fugientia captat,
 Hiscine versiculis speras tibi posse dolores,
 Atque aestus, curasque gravis e pectore tolli?
 Nonne cupidinibus statuatur natura modum quem,
 Quid latura, sibi quid sit dolitura negatum,
 Quaerere plus prodest; & inane abscindere soldo?

Lady-like display a milk-white Breast,
 And hides in sacred Sluttishness the rest.
 OUR ancient Kings (and sure those Kings were wise,
 To judg'd themselves, and saw with their own Eyes)
 War-horse never for the Service chose,
 They'd him round, and stript off all the Cloaths;
 Well they knew, proud Trappings serve to hide,
 Heavy Chest, thick Neck, or heaving Side.
 Fools are ready Chaps, agog to buy,
 But a comely Fore-hand strike the Eye;
 Eagle sharper, every Charm to find,
 All defects, Ty — y not so blind:
 Horse-rump'd, Hawk-nos'd, Swan-footed, is my Dear?
 They'll praise her Elbow, Heel, or Tip o' th' Ear.
 A Lady's Face is all you see undress'd,
 For none but Lady M — show'd the Rest)
 If to Charms more latent you pretend,
 What Lines encompass, and what Works defend?
 Fingers on Dangers! obstacles by dozens!
 Yes, Guardians, Guests, old Women, Aunts, and Cozens!
 Would you directly to her Person go,
 They will obstruct above, and Hoops below,
 And if the Dame says yes, the Dress says no.
 Thus at N — sh — m's; your judicious Eye
 May measure there the Breast, the Hip, the Thigh!
 And will you run to Perils, Sword, and Law,
 For a Thing you ne're so much as saw?
 THE Hare once seiz'd, the Hunter heeds no more
 The little Scut he so pursu'd before,
 Love follows flying Game (as Sucklyn sings)
 And 'tis for that the wanton Boy has Wings.
 Why let him Sing — but when you're in the Wrong
 Think you to cure the Mischief with a Song?
 Is Nature set no bounds to wild Desire?
 No sense to guide, no Reason to enquire.
 What solid Happiness, what empty Pride?
 And what is best indulg'd, or best deny'd?

*Num, tibi cum faucis urit sitis, aurea quaeris
Pocula? num esuriens fastidis omnia praeter
* Pavonem, rhombumque? tument tibi cum inguina*

(num, si

*Ancilla aut verna est praesto puer, impetus in quem
Continuo fiat, malis tentigine rumpi?*

Non ego: namque parabilem amo venerem, facilemque.

ILLAM, Post paullo, Sed pluri, Si exierit vir,

*Gallis: Hanc, Philodemus ait sibi, quae neque magno
Stet pretio; nec cunctetur, cum est iussa venire.*

*Candida rectaque sit; munda hactenus, ut neque longa,
Nec magis alba velit, quam det natura, videri.*

*Haec, ubi supposuit dextro corpus mihi laevum,
Ilia & Egeria est: do nomen quodlibet illi.*

Nec vereor; ne, dum futuo, vir rure recurrat;

Janua frangatur; latret canis; undique magno

Pulsa domus strepitu resonet: ne pallida lecto

Desiliat mulier; miseram se conscia clamet;

Cruribus haec metuat, doti haec deprensa, egomet mi.

Discincta tunica fugienda est, ac pede nudo;

Ne nummi pereant, aut puga aut denique fama.

Deprendi miserum est: Fabio vel iudice vincam.

* PAVONEM, Pea-Chicks] Not ill-render'd, meaning a young
or soft Piece *Anglice* a Tit-bit: such as that *Delicate Youth*
Cerinthus, whose Flesh, our Horace expressly says, was as tender
as a Lady's, and our Imitator turn'd

Such Nicety, as Lady or Lord F——

not amiss truly; it agrees with My own Reading of tuo femore,
instead of tuum femur, and savours of the true Taste of Anti-
quity. BENT.

If neither Gems adorn, nor Silver tip
The flowing Bowl, will you not wet your Lip ?
When sharp with Hunger, scorn you to be fed,
Except on *Pen-Chicks*, at the *Bedford-head* ?
Or, when a tight, neat Girl, will serve the Turn,
In errant Pride continue stiff, and burn ?
Am a plain Man, whose Maxim is profest,
The Thing at hand is of all Things the *best*.
But Her who will, and then will not comply,
Whose Word is *If*, *Perhaps*, and *By-and-by*,
— ds ! let some Eunuch or Platonic tace —
B — s cries, Philosopher and Rake !
Who asks no more (right reasonable Peer)
Than not to wait too long, nor pay too dear.
Give me a willing Nymph ! 'tis all I care,
Extremely clean, and tolerably fair,
Her Shape her own, whatever Shape she have,
And just that White and Red which Nature gave.
Her I transported touch, transported view,
And call her *Angel* ! *Goddeſs* ! M — me !
No furious Husband thunders at the Door ;
No barking Dog, no Household in a Roar ;
From gleaming Swords no shrieking Women run ;
No wretched Wife cries out, *Undone* ! *Undone* !
Seiz'd in the Fact, and in her Cuckold's Pow'r,
She kneels, she weeps, and worse ! resigns her Dow'r,
Me, naked me, to Posts, to Pumps they draw,
To Shame eternal, or eternal Law.
Oh Love ! be deep Tranquility my Luck ! *
No Mistress *M---yſh---m* near, no Lady *B---ck* !
For, to be taken, is the Dev'll in Hell ;
This Truth, let *L---l*, *J---ys*, *O---w* tell. FINIS.

* Here the Imitator errs. The Latin has *id idem futuo*, a most necessary Circumſtance ! Which ought to be reſtored ; and may, by the change of a ſingle Word, be the ſame with that of the Author, and one which ſhould marvelouſly agree with the Ladies in the ſecond Line. BENT.

2nd

0.81.761

100.10

8.89

8.9

10.13

10

5.0.5

0.9.6